

From Corona to Burgess

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Summary: Jack Frost is on a four hour plane ride from Corona, where he was visiting, to return back home to Burgess. He's seated next to a girl with golden hair and a thick book. Modern AU. Oneshot.

From Corona to Burgess

He loves flying.

When he grows up, maybe he'd even want to be a pilot.

Jack Frost is on a plane ride from Corona, where he was visiting, back to Burgess, and he just wishes the plane would take longer instead of taking merely four hours.

The cold seeps in from the cracks of the airplane, but he doesn't mind because a) he loves the cold, b) he loves flying, and c) he loves the wind.

The girl next to him, though, looks a little uncomfortable with it.

She's naturally beautiful, with short lashes but enormous green eyes. She's tan (So, not from Burgess then. Maybe Corona?), with freckles across her cheekbones. Her hair is literally gold; long, so that it hangs in a sheet a little past her waist.

She brought a book with her, and he's thinking, Really, a book? Is sheâ€| Is she a nerd?_ And isn't it a little old fashioned of her to be reading a physical book instead of carrying around thoseâ€| what were they called again? Kindles? Yeah, that was it.

Jack's spending his time playing games on his phone and pressing his face to the almost-frosty window, thinking to himself that if his phone starts dying or if he gets too bored, he still has his laptop and DVD stash tucked away.

He puts in his earbuds, hearing the little death-screams of pixilated people on his phone, but he can't stop looking at the girl sitting next to him. She keeps tucking her hair behind her ears as it falls in her face, and her eyes are slightly narrowed while she tries to decipher the squiggles into a story as the plane rumbles on. Sometimes, she'll scrunch her nose like she doesn't get it, or perhaps she's upset. But he likes it best when something she reads makes her smile, her thin, pink lips curving up and revealing a dimple on her left cheek. He thinks her right cheek has one, too, except he can only see half of her face.

Suddenly, something she reads makes her erupt into a fit of giggles, and her book falls from her lap, and she's laughing as she bends down to pick it up and bumps her head coming back up.

He wants to ask, "Are you okay?" Except hitting her head makes her laugh harder, and the question dies in his throat. The people across the aisle from her shoot her dirty looks and that makes Jack laugh, too.

She whirls around to see him laughing, and she asks, "What's so funny?" in between her stifled giggles.

"The man's expression when you started laughing," confides Jack, whispering, and the girl jerks around to see the man's sour expression, like he drank curdled milk. Suddenly she's laughing more and holding her sides, and then he's laughing, too, and it takes some time for the laughter to die down.

The girl turns to look at him, her huge, emerald eyes shining with mirth, and the words, "I'm Jack Frost," tumble from his lips without him thinking.

The girl beams at him, tugging at her floral-patterned scarf which winds loosely over her neck and spills over the front of her light pink coat, patterned with huge white and purple flowers. "I'm Rapunzel," she says to him, "Except you're a stranger, so I can't really tell you my last name."

Jack grins slightly, almost against his will. "Really? Well, that's just fine, because Jack Frost isn't really my name," he informs her, "Looks like we're on the same page."

She lifts an eyebrow, challenging, as she slides a bookmark neatly into the book she dropped. "I think you're lying to me, Mister Frost."

"Now, why would I do that?" smirks Jack evenly, leaning back in his slightly-uncomfortable chair.

Rapunzel seems briefly caught off guard. She tries to stammer out an explanation before shaking her head so that her hair tumbles from behind her back to fall over her shoulders. "You know why," she says, frowning like a petulant child.

"Jackson Overland," says Jack suddenly. "But I go by Jack. Lots of people call me Jack Frost, though."

Rapunzel seems surprised, again, by what he's said. "For real?" She leans towards him, staring him down.

"Yeah, so are you gonna tell me what _your_ name is?"

Rapunzel tilts her head, considering, before stage-whispering, "Rapunzel Apolios."

"Apolios," repeats Jack, rolling the name on his tongue, and while her first name captures the fairytale blush of her cheeks and the gold of her hair, he doesn't think that her last name matches her at all; the name doesn't fit along the soft curve of her smile or in the color of her eyes or even scattered along the freckles on her cheeks. But he says it again, and then, "Okay," slowly.

She smiles a little at him. "It's kind of a weird nameâ€|" she admits, tugging at her hair, and then she tries it, too. "Rapunzel Apolios." It flows across her tongue smoother, and holds in the melody of her voice, but it still doesn't seem to match her right. She shrugs, unperturbed. "I'm used to it."

She dusts an imaginary speck of dust off of her white leggings. Jack shrugs back at her, and she hefts the large book back onto her knees and leans over it to read, her hair falling in a curtain so that it conceals her face.

He feels like he should return to the game, even though he's sure his little game-character has already been shot to death, but he wants to talk to her more.

"Soâ€|" are you from Corona?"

She looks up at him with suspicious eyes. "Yes?"

He nods. "I thought so."

There's a moment of silence before she asks, "So, where are you from?"

"Burgess," he answers, jerking at his hoodie strings, pulling the hood over his face and tugging it shut.

"Oh, so you're returning home, huh?"

"Yeah. Corona was pretty, but it's too _warm_ and _sunny_."

Rapunzel jerks up sharply and pokes him in his chest. He leans back, surprised, but somewhat amused.

"There's nothing wrong with Corona," declares Rapunzel, stabbing his sweater over where his heart is, "It's beautiful. And it's not too sunny; it's just perfect. Without the sun, how can you have dances in the square, or buy from the market outside, or paint on the sidewalk? Or even have flowers?"

Jack shakes his head, pushing her hand away. He tugs on her hair teasingly. "It never snows in Corona! The snow is just as beautiful as flowers, maybe more. And you can have snowball fights, or make snow angels or snowmen or go snowboarding or sledding. And how can you enjoy hot chocolate without the cold? There's not even any _wind_ in Corona," argues Jack.

Rapunzel pulls her hair back, out of his hand. "There are _breezes_," she says. But her face softens. "I've never seen snow before."

"You haven't?!" Jack's eyes widen. How could _anyone_ not see snow?! Not throw snowballs, not see the way it glistens, or go ice-skating! "You poor, deprived child," says Jack sadly, shaking his head. "Poor, poor, deprived child."

Rapunzel makes a face. "Is it really that beautiful?"

Oh, man. He can rant about snow for hours. It's his _life_. "It covers the ground in a thick blanket, and when the sun comes up, it shines. Some snow is soft, and you can pack it into a snowball, and chuck it in someone's face and you won't even get in trouble!"

Rapunzel looks somewhat alarmed. "Will someone throw snow at my face?" she worries, covering her cheeks with gloved hands.

"Maybe I will," offers Jack. "It doesn't hurt, really. It's fun."

"Really?" Rapunzel's eyes start shining again. "I've always kind of wanted to make a snowman," she admits, fiddling with her hair and looking at the ground.

Jack grins, poking at her face. "See? Everyone loves the snow. I mean, snowballs and fun times, right?" he encourages.

"As a kid, I wanted to make a snowman named Olaf," giggles Rapunzel. "He would like warm hugs." She tries to defend herself from Jack, who keeps poking her nose.

"_I_ like warm hugs," says Jack. "But I don't think my name is Olaf."

"You might be made out of snow, though," cringes Rapunzel, squirming and pushing his hand aside half-heartedly, still containing her giggles. "Your hand is _cold_."

He laughs, withdrawing and pressing back into his chair. "I think you'll love the snow," he says, confidently.

She looks hopefully up at him and opens her mouth to say something when the plane jerks to the side and she squeaks. Was it turbulence? For some strange reason, Jack loves turbulences!

The voice on the intercom, scratchy and eerily robotic, confirmed his thoughts. Rapunzel's eyes widen. "Turbulence?" she whispers, seeming somewhat terrified. "Are we gonna crash?"

Jack shakes his head, laughing slightly. "Nah, it happens all the time."

The plane bounces up and down and left and right. Rapunzel squeezes her eyes shut. Suddenly, the plane lurches violently to the side and Rapunzel let out an undignified squeak before burying her face into his sweater.

It's uncomfortable because they're strangers and there's an armrest

between them, but he feels bad after seeing the expression of terror on her face. "Soâ€| your first turbulence, huh?" he asks, smoothing down her hair awkwardly. It's weirdly soft and silky.

Rapunzel fists his sweater. "First time on a plane, actually," she mumbles, her voice a little muffled by his hoodie. Jack shrugs.

"You seemed pretty collected when we first took off. I had no idea."

Rapunzel takes a shaky breath. "I was preparing for that. I didn't think this-" The plane jerks and she lets out a small yelp. "-would happen," she finishes breathlessly. "Are you sure the plane's not going to crash?"

"Umâ€| ninety percent," says Jack, but she doesn't seem reassured. "Ninety-eight percent sure?" he tries again.

She rewards him with a nervous laugh.

"Hey, don't be scared. We couldâ€| we could have some fun instead," suggests Jack brightly, like he says to his little sister, Emma, and to the kids across the street, Jamie and Pippa.

Rapunzel turns her head to look at him questioningly. He thinks for a moment before pulling out his laptop and an array of CDs. She looks over them critically. "How to Train Your Dragon!" she exclaims, inspecting the disc. "That sounds interesting!"

He squints at it. "I don't think I've ever watched it, actuallyâ€|"

Rapunzel beams widely. "Well, now's your chance!"

He smiles back and hands her an earbud. She leans over to watch on his table, resting her head on his shoulder.

They watch the movie together, tuning out the engine's hum and the motions of turbulence.

* * *

><p>Apolios - a mixture of Apollo and Helios, two sun gods of Greek mythology and... yeah

I forgot to do the disclaimer at the beginning; I guess I'll do it now.

I DON'T OWN THE CHARACTERS JACK FROST OR RAPUNZEL OR THE MOVIES THEY'RE FROM... or by this point there would be canon crossovers and stuff. :D

End
file.